The Last Sayings OF A MOUSE

Lately ſtarved in a CUP-BOARD.

A Jeſt on Langley Bathurſt by Short-hand Cond.

As they were taken, in Short-Hand, by a zealous RAT-CATCHER, who liſt'ned at the Key-hole of the *Cup-board* Door.

9 March 1682

WRetch that I am! --- and is it come to This?
O ſhort continuance of Earthly Bliſs!
Did I, for this, forſake my Countrey Eaſe,
My Liberty, my Bacon, Beans, and Peaſe?
Call ye me This the *Breeding* of the Town,
Which my young Maſter brag'd when he came down?
Fool that I was! --- I heard my Father ſay,
(A Reverend Mouſe he was, and his Beard gray)
Young Hunt-crum, *mark me well, you needs muſt rome,*
And leave me and your Mother here at home;
Great is your Spirit, at high food *you aim,*
But have a care --- believe not lying Fame;
Vaſt Bodies oft are mov'd by ſlender Springs,
And great Men, *and* great Tables *are two things;*
Aſſure thy ſelf all *is not* Gold *that ſhines,*
He that looks always fat, *not always* dines;
For I have ſeen One ſtrut in a lac'd Cloak,
And at the ſame time heard his Belly croak.
By ſad Experience now I find too well,
Old *Hunt-crum* was an arrant *Sidrophel.*
And muſt I dy? and is there no Relief?
No Cheeſe, though I give over thoughts of Beef?
Where is grave *Madge,* and brisk *Grimalkin* now?
Before whoſe feet our Race was wont to bow!

No

No *Owl*, no *Cat* to end my woful dayes?
No *Gresham Engine* my lean Corps to squeeze?
I'd rather fall to Foes a noble Prey,
Than squeek my Soul out under Lock and Key.
What's This? --- a pissing Candle's latter end?
My dear-beloved *Countrey-Save-all* Friend?
Thou dreadful Emblem of Mortality,
Inglorious *Affront* to *Life* and me!
O *barbarous Drollery* of my cruel Fate!
This shadow of a Comfort comes too late:
I faint--- What's this? a *Wafer*? --- Good again!
What mean the Fates thus to prolong my pain?
Though *Mice* of greater Quality than I
Can eat such things, and be content to dye,
Give me a morsel of good Bread, I cry.
And you my brethren *Mice*, if any be
As yet unstarv'd, in all our Family;
From your *obscure Retreats*, rise and appear,
To you, or to your Ghosts, I now draw near:
To my original Dust I hafte apace,
Observe my hollow Eyes, and meager Face;
And learn from me the sad Reverse of Fate,
'Tis better to be *Innocent* than *Great*.
Good Consciences and *Bellies full*, say I,
Exceeds the Pomp that onely feeds the Eye:
Farewel --- You see (my Friends) that knew me once
Pamper'd and smooth, reduc'd to skin and bones,
Poor as a Church-mouse!---O I faint! I dye!
Fly, fly from *Cat* in shape of *Famine*, fly:
Whilst at my Death I my Ambition rue,
In this my *Cup-board* and my *Coffin* too;
Farewel to *Victuals*, *Greatness*, and to *You*.

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